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IN MEMORIAM.

Rev. Geo. Duffield, D.D.

By REV. WM. A. McCORKLE.



IN MEMORIAM.

A DISCOURSE

ON THE

LIFE AND CHARACTER

OF THE LATE

Rev. George Duffield, D.D.

BY THE

REV. WILLIAM A. McCORKLE,

PASTOR OF THE FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH OF DETROIT.

"I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith: Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day: and not to me only but unto all them also that love His appearing."—II TIMOTHY, IV, 7-8.

DETROIT:

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CORRESPONDENCE.

DETROIT, August 24, 1868.

Rev. WM. A. McCORKLE :

Dear Sir — The undersigned, having listened with great pleasure to your Memorial Discourse upon the Life and Character of the late GEORGE DUFFIELD, D.D., Pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of this city, respectfully ask a copy of the same for publication.

Very truly yours,

J. S. FARRAND,
GEORGE S. FROST,
CHARLES W. NOBLE,
A. SHELEY,
W. S. PENFIELD,
DAVID COOPER,
GEORGE B. PEASE,
Rev. ADDISON BALLARD,
O. S. GULLEY,
DAVID W. BROOKS,
J. M. STANLEY,
JAMES HOUGH,
JAMES BEEDZLER,

Rev. WM. HOGARTH,
Rev. J. P. SCOTT,
JOHN C. BROWN,
IRA WORCESTER,
D. O. PENFIELD,
E. BINGHAM,
J. L. WHITING,
H. C. CLARK,
EDWIN JEROME,
A. SINCLAIR,
IRA SLADE,
THOS. S. HILL,
D. B. McRAE,

JAMES W. FARRELL.

TO J. S. FARRAND, W. S. PENFIELD, G. S. FROST, A. SHELEY, WM. HOGARTH,
D.D., CHAS. W. NOBLE, GEO. B. PEASE, O. S. GULLEY, and others :

Gentlemen — Yielding to your judgment, as to the propriety of publishing the Memorial Discourse delivered in the First Presbyterian Church of this city on last Sabbath afternoon, it is herewith placed at your disposal. Anything that may have been said commemorative of the Life and Character of the late Rev. GEORGE DUFFIELD, D.D., belongs, not exclusively to me, but to this community and his many personal friends.

May his memory long be fresh among us, inciting us to earnest endeavor in the work to which he gave his life.

Very truly yours,

August 24, 1868.

WM. A. McCORKLE.

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DISCOURSE.

"I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith: Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day: and not to me only, but unto all them also that love his appearing." — II TIMOTHY, IV, 7-8.

IN this passage of Scripture we have the language of one, than whom no more eminent servant of God ever lived — uttered when standing in the near presence of death. Once a persecutor, he had, by the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, been made an Apostle. And, when called, without waiting to confer with "flesh and blood," he began the work of his Apostleship just where he ended the work of a persecutor. His matchless mind, disciplined and refined by the most careful and thorough culture of his day, would make him a man of power, under whatsoever circumstances, and in whatsoever capacity called into exercise. Not, however, until, in the light that shone upon him near Damascus, he had received his commission from Jesus Christ, had the powers of Saul of Tarsus found a service worthy of them. However wonderful when in a state of nature, they were to be immeasurably more wonderful when he had been made a new man in Christ Jesus, and brought to walk in the light and strength given him by the Holy Ghost. The deep mysteries and precious truths, so logically and marvelously unfolded in his Epistles, give evidence that, in the service of Christ, his powers found their true sphere, and that he was chosen

and honored of God as an inspired teacher. His was a life of devotion and faithfulness, never surpassed, and seldom witnessed. From the beginning at Damascus, to the ending at Rome, he was moved by the one purpose which took possession of him when he said, "Lord what wilt Thou have me to do?" There was no faltering, nor was there abatement of his zeal. Neither malice of men, nor device of devils could turn him aside. He put away all weights; brought the flesh into subjection; recognized his indebtedness to all men; and sought to know only Christ and Him crucified. Conflict and persecution are common to the experience of Christ's followers, but Paul, because of his greatness and ceaseless earnestness, endured a double portion. Scourging, imprisonment, and stoning failed to intimidate him, and with equal resolution he endured toil, weariness, destitution, and perils by land and by sea. Moved by the great purpose that had filled his soul, he walked in the strength of his Master, and sought only the promotion of His glory. It was but putting the spirit of his life into words, when, in the face of new dangers, he said: "But none of these things move me, neither count I my life dear unto myself, so that I might finish my course with joy, and the ministry which I have received of the Lord Jesus, to testify the gospel of the grace of God." And, when the end of that course was near, and that ministry had reached its fulfillment, who can wonder that, in writing to Timothy, his own spiritual son, from the prison which was the opening door to his death, he should exclaim, in the exultation of a faith undimmed and unfaltering, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith: henceforth there is laid up for me a

crown of righteousness which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day."

It might be inmodest for any one to appropriate these words to himself. For there are very few who would be warranted in speaking of themselves, as the Apostle Paul could speak, when his work was done and he was ready to be offered. Neither is the number large, when speaking of whom, we would venture to select this passage as a foundation of remark. All of Christ's followers finish their course, keep the faith, and have before them a crown of righteousness, but remembering who said it, and the life too at the close of which it was said, there are many with reference to whom we should hesitate to take the words of the great Apostle to the Gentiles, and say, they have fought a good fight. Called upon, however, in the providence of God, to speak of one who, by more than a half century of faithful service, made himself a veteran soldier of the cross, no words have suggested themselves as so appropriate for the occasion, as these of the Apostle Paul.

The Rev. GEORGE DUFFIELD, D.D., was born in Strasburg, Lancaster county, Pennsylvania, on the fourth day of July, in the year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred and ninety-four. The christian name of his father was GEORGE — that of his mother was FAITHFUL. His father was a merchant, and for nine years held the office of Controller General of Pennsylvania, under Governor McKean. His grand-father was the celebrated Dr. GEORGE DUFFIELD, of revolutionary memory, who, in conjunction with Bishop WHITE, was Chaplain of the First Congress of the United States. At that time he was Pastor of the Pine street Presbyterian Church in Philadelphia, and manifested that

devotion to liberty, and heroism in its defense, of which his grand-son — the late departed — was so eminent an example.

The subject of the present discourse was, by his pious parents, made a participant in the Abrahamic covenant, and taught the truths of christianity, as they are clearly and logically unfolded in the system of doctrine usually termed Calvinistic. His father was able, without interruption, to afford him the very best educational advantages. His aptitude for study was early evinced, and, when a youth of but sixteen years, he graduated, with honor, at the University of Pennsylvania, then under the Provostship of Dr. JOHN McDOWELL. Of the time and circumstances of his conversion to a practical spiritual life, we cannot speak with definiteness. It was in June, of the year 1811, that he graduated, and in the autumn of the same year he entered the Theological Seminary in the city of New York, under the care of the celebrated Dr. JOHN M. MASON; and about the same time, or soon after, he made a public profession of his faith in Christ, uniting himself to the Church under the pastoral care of Dr. J. B. ROMEYN. The four succeeding years were spent in theological study, and on the twentieth day of April, 1815, lacking, as yet, a few months of his twenty-first year, he was licensed, by the Presbytery of Philadelphia, to preach the everlasting gospel. In December after, he received a call to become the Pastor of the Presbyterian Church of Carlisle, Pennsylvania; a church of which his grand-father had once been Pastor, and in which he was to be the immediate successor of Dr. ROBERT DAVIDSON. This call, after six weeks' labor, he thought best to accept, but his ordination and installation did not occur until

the following autumn, on the twenty-fifth day of September. In this Church, and in the First Presbyterian Church of Detroit, his ministerial life was chiefly spent. He never, to his last day, lost his tender solicitude and warm sympathy for the Church of his early charge. It was the scene of many trials, and it was, too, the place where blessings, many and rich, were enjoyed. There he made him a home by consummating a union with Miss ISABELLA GRAHAM BETHUNE, the young bride of his choice, who, having shared with him the changing vicissitudes of fifty years, still remains, stricken because he is taken, yet resigned, and shedding upon her children, and her children's children, the golden richness of her setting sun. There sons and daughters were born to him in the flesh; and there, too, were born to him spiritual sons and daughters. There some of those sons and daughters, after the flesh, slept the sleep from which only He, who broke the bars of the grave, can awake them; and there, too, many of those spiritual sons and daughters preceeded him to that country, whence there is never a return. After a pastorate, mingled as all pastorates are with joy and sorrow, of a little more than nineteen years, if we include the months of labor preceeding his installation, he accepted a call from the Fifth Presbyterian Church of Philadelphia, where he was the successor of the Rev. THOS. H. SKINNER, D.D. His connection with this church lasted but two years, at the end of which time he was called to the Broadway Tabernacle, in the city of New York. His field of permanent labor, however, was not there. At the end of a single year the Providence of God indicated that his services were needed elsewhere, and, in response to a call, he became the pastor of the First Presbyterian Church

of Detroit, in October of the year of our Lord 1838. From that time to the hour of his death, on the 26th day of June last, he continued in that relation, the responsibilities of the position having, for the past three years, been shared in common with the speaker.

A biographical review, doing full justice to DR. DUFFIELD, would embrace a large share of the history of the Presbyterian Church of the United States for the last thirty years and more, include also many educational and scientific questions of the same period, and would be a matter, not of pages, but of volumes. Even a succinct statement, comprehending the whole, would outreach the compass of the present undertaking, and would be but a repetition of work which he himself has done, and which, probably, at no distant day will reach the public eye. Contenting ourselves, therefore, with this very brief outline, let us turn our attention to his character as a man, a christian, and a minister of Christ, as that character has manifested itself in the work, and the walks of which we have been permitted to take cognizance.

It is not without an appreciation of the delicate, and difficult nature of the undertaking that this is entered upon. To make a portraiture of any character is not easy, to make one of our departed friend and father, because of his reticence as to his own exercises and experiences, and because of the rounded symmetry, and equipoise of that character, is attended with peculiar difficulty. To describe a landscape that is jutting with crags, deeply trenched with ravines, crowned here with waving verdure, bare there with bold and rugged rocks, is easy. To describe a landscape possessing all the elements of beauty and strength, in which the lines

gradually shade into each other, so imperceptibly blending that the points of contact are scarcely determinable, over all of which is thrown a garb of symmetrizing verdure, is not easy. Something like this last is the character of which we are now to speak. It had strength of which rocks and bold crags may stand as illustrations; it had softness and gentleness which winding ravines, and flowing brooks may symbolize. In its actings, when sometimes aroused by great interests, and pressed upon by opposing influences, it was not unlike the moving storm; then again it would call to your mind only the gentle breathing of the evening zephyr. And yet the peculiar harmonizing influences, entering into it, were such that, whilst the elements were manifest, they were so unusually bound together by cords of symmetry that description of them, in their proper relation and measure, is not easy. There is so much to be taken in the grasp that analysis is difficult, and yet only by analysis can the character be understood, and its excellence appreciated.

To those who knew DR. DUFFIELD, as a man, in any of the relations of life, nothing was more apparent than his industry. This doubtless was a matter of principle with him; but so nearly did it seem a part of himself that, for his own profit, he probably had little occasion to contemplate it as a question in ethics. He worked as if, to him, work were the same as is growth to the tree. Many men are fitful, and constantly in need of the spur, in their employments; he needed no spur and moved along, with his undertakings, with the even steadiness of fixed habit. He was daunted by neither the magnitude, nor the perplexing intricacies of the undertaking. He shrunk from nothing that he thought fell to him as a matter of duty. Whether it was days or years,

that were requisite for its accomplishment, mattered nothing to him. The only question was, as to the need of the service, and the propriety that it should be rendered by his hand. These points settled, and he sat down to the task. With him, to undertake was to secure a completion, if time and powers were competent to the work. Ephemeral zeal, or short lived application were in no way characteristic of him. As long as the work was undone, his industry was unflagging. The fact that his assiduity grew, in no small measure, out of his love for work, detracts in no degree from his credit. Application, that was so marked as to become proverbial with all who knew him, could not be a matter of mere will, or of ephemeral growth. It was a life habit with him, as it was a life principle, and a life pleasure. He was industrious because he loved to work, because he loved the results of work, and because he would fulfill the mission committed to him.

We shall be helped forward, towards the end we are seeking, if we contemplate, for a little, the results of this untiring assiduity, as seen in his own culture and acquirements. And, first, there can be no question that he came forth from his course of study, both academic and theological, a scholar. Not that ripe maturity, we do not mean, that belonged to after years, for graduates, fresh from college and seminary halls, seldom have more than the implements of work. But to have these is a matter of gratulation, and many are not worthy to be so complimented. That he had occasion to go back over the path, by which he had been brought, in order to do work, which ought then to have been done, is not probable. To go forth from his university with honor, was to leave her halls a scholar, such as she

proposed to make of her sons. To retain, for a lifetime, the esteem and friendship of such a man as DR. JOHN M. MASON, after having been for four years under his moulding and masterly hand, was to prove that those four years were so spent as to meet his approbation. In this instance, the young graduate doubtless came forth with his armor on. It was to grow, to suit his coming stature; it was to strengthen, as the battle thickened and grew hot about him; but he was then no unprotected fledgeling. He was a shaft, not in mere outside semblance, with the polish that made it a thing of beauty only, and not of utility; but with its native granite in it, moulded and shaped, he stood—a pillar—upon which burdens might be placed. With such a preparation for life's work, he entered upon its stern and stirring activities. His active and sedulous mind was ever deepening channels already made, and constantly opening new ones. His most constant and earnest endeavors, because his heart and his conscience were both there, were given to the studies of his chosen profession. There was never a time, from his first sermon to his last, when the work of the gospel ministry was not his chief delight. And it was not simply the delivery of sermons that gave him pleasure, although no one could more highly, than he, esteem the privilege of proclaiming, to dying men, the glad tidings of salvation. The patient and persistent toil of the study was as much esteemed, and scarcely, if any, less enjoyed than the public duties of the ministry. He was not simply a preacher, he was a student, and a preacher. And that patient, tireless industry ever characteristic of him, was continually bringing forth, from hidden mines, treasures of truth that enriched his resources.

But it was not only questions, strictly theological and scriptural, to which he gave his attention. He thirsted for truth; and wherever it was to be found, whether in revelation, or in the works and laws of nature, he recognized it as the offspring of the divine mind, and to be used in the service of his divine Master. As a strong reaper, therefore, he went forth to gather sheaves wherever sheaves were to be found. Scientific studies were especially pleasant to him; and little wonder, for here he came face to face with the evidences of God's power, and character. Chemistry, with its powerful agencies, its strange transformations, and its wonderful results, was attractive to him. Geological, and mineralogical investigations occupied his mind. He allowed no new discoveries, or new theories to escape him. The discoveries were laid away among garnered treasures; the theories were investigated, and took the place of which, in his judgment, they were worthy. The science of geology he regarded as crude and incomplete, but he allowed nothing that it could teach, or that it attempted to teach, to escape him, and in established principles he took great pleasure. His interest in meteorology is well known to all his intimate friends. No change took place in the atmosphere but that he observed, and made note of it. By research, and careful observation he became learned in the movements of storms, and the changes of temperature. Many things that were only signs to the multitude, were to him fore-runners of coming changes, which, because of their connection with established laws, told plainly that those laws were active, and would bring forth their legitimate results. He was, in this department, a careful and constant student.

The heavens, spread out in their grandeur and glory,

were one of God's wonderful books to him. With what exquisite delight he contemplated the shining worlds above us, and watched them in their majestic march through their appointed circuits, those only know who knew him well. Here too he had learned what men had taught, until the study, from nature herself, was a source of unmeasured pleasure. Give him a clear night and a broad expanse, and he needed no further entertainment. And, if you would hear a train of thought that would take you up, up, away into the circling mysteries of the heavenly orbs, and deep into the wonders of God, raise a question, and listen.

But how can the narrow compass of a single discourse give a correct representation of the variety of his studies? Agriculture and commerce passed under review; navigation and mechanics were not forgotten; and, in order that no avenues to truth might be shut against him, he mastered eight or nine different languages, in addition to his mother-tongue. Through these he searched the thoughts of men, whilst, at the same time, he was learning from the deeper and purer fountains of God's works.

Let no one conclude that he was superficial in his investigations. You might be inclined to smile at some of his theories, for he had many theories which he took pleasure in only as speculations; yet you would find that they went clinging along far back in the line of his investigations. If a shadow crossed his path of research, he would take note of it; if it flitted by him again, the first impression would be deepened, and presently grow until it had a permanent place in the region of thought, although not in the region of conviction. It might all seem shadowy to others, but he would never be convinced that shadows had not some connection

with substance. He meant that no truth should escape him, and if he saw only its reflection, that was enough to put him on the watch for the truth itself. This, instead of proving him superficial, was evidence of his careful and thorough research. That he noticed the slightest traces, which might be leading threads to some truth, yet unrevealed, was evidence rather of his close scrutiny. And no one could divide more carefully and rigidly, between theory and discovered truth, than did he. The gold, tried and purged in the fire, was carefully stored away; that which was not yet proven to be gold, or of any value, was held in readiness for testing, when a crucible should be found. A smatterer, or a charlatan he despised. He was the farthest possible remove from either. There was a clear line between ground he had gone over, and ground that he had not gone over. In all departments of learning, that which he pretended to do, he did. His sounding line went to the bottom; if there was any bottom that he could reach.

There are few wells into which his bucket has not descended; few flowers from which he has not drawn sweetness; few mines which have not upon them the marks of his delving. He gathered widely; he gathered carefully: and all these accumulated treasures he carried to the cross. There was one stream into which he made all others flow. The investigations, especially relating to his work as a minister of Christ, were his first, and his chief pleasure. All other inquiries were but collateral, and tributary to these. He grew rich, and constantly richer, in scriptural knowledge. Philosophical theories and metaphysical deductions were familiar to him, but he depended not upon them, and his great study was the Bible. Its treasures were too rich to be

exhausted, its fountains too deep to be fathomed. There he was always a delighted learner. From that first, and chiefly, but from all the various studies that received his attention, he gathered strength and richness, and grew in maturity until he stood among the best scholars, and most learned men of his day. In paths of theological lore and scriptural truth, he walked until, among the giants, his tread was as heavy as theirs.

It will be a matter of interest and profit that some of the leading characteristics of the mind, thus richly stored, should be brought to view.

That his mind was of no ordinary mould will be readily admitted; but, by a touch or two, to uncover the secret of its power is no easy task. It was not without marked and strong characteristics, and yet the greatness of it did not consist in some rankly grown faculty, which, like a towering mountain peak, outreached all its fellows. It was rather in the careful development of all the powers, whereby each was fitted to stand in its place, and do its appropriate work, and all, with harmonious equipoise, moved as a unit of strength.

His intellect had reach of grasp, and keenness of penetration. Its movements, however, were not like those of one who, by leaps, ascends the mountain side; they were rather like the careful, and sure tread of the steady climber, who, when he has reached the summit, stands there, not with bated breath and wasted strength, but with gathered and augmented powers, and with such knowledge of the way that he can teach others how to climb. Neither were they like the lightning flash; but rather like the growing light of the opening morn, which holds all its gains, until, under its steady glow, nothing is concealed. His mind was not like

some impatient miner, who, hoping by a fortunate blow, to open a vein of virgin gold, leaves his path all cumbered with rich masses of ore, and sparkling with ungathered gems. It was rather like the careful and contented worker, who, gathering all the wealth that is uncovered, places it orderly away, where, when needed, it can be found; thus enriching his possessions, making a clear path where he has been, and leaving the mine in condition for future work. Steadily, and surely his mind made its way amid the intricacies of thought, never discouraged by the magnitude or difficulty of its task, assuring itself that if the goal was not within the reach of a single stride, many strides would reach it. To affirm that his mind was wanting in quickness, in its movements, would be false; but that was not its characteristic, nor did its strength lie there. Its strength was rather in the quiet gathering of the grasp which, at last, holds, surely and safely, the treasure that it seeks.

And what the intellect gathered, the memory held. In this was one of the strong, and marked features of his mind. It was not like some open ended tunnel, into which a silver streamlet constantly flows, only to flow from it in equal volume. As some sturdy, and trustworthy custodian, the memory held watch and ward over all the treasures entrusted to it. To say that his was a good memory, will not describe it; nor will it be fully appreciated from the simple statement that it was a remarkable memory. Its tenacity was like steel. Principles were not acquired to be used once, and then sought for when needed again. Safely laid away, in the store-house of the memory, they were easily brought forward when circumstances called for them. Facts, of an historical nature, were scarcely less safe with his memory

than on parchment. And if ever the succeeding steps of an historical event were overcast by the vail of time, memory would put its hand upon the volume, and point to the page, where the record had first been read. If in need of information regarding transactions cotemporaneous with his personal experience, you could predicate your asseverations, or build your work upon his statements, with scarcely less safety than if you had found the same upon the pages of a careful historian. His memory was far from perfect, but it was proverbial. And, because of the well ordered condition in which all things were kept, and their readiness when wanted, it made him an instructive and facile writer. Because of his own well grounded confidence in it, and the respect of others for it, he was a ready debater, and one who would be cautiously attacked. If he affirmed, or denied anything, those, who knew him, would wish to examine the authorities before joining issue with him. A memory so comprehensive, so exact, and so tenacious is seldom found.

It would be expected that a mind so methodical would not be destitute of logic. It will be necessary to do little more than affirm that he was a logical writer. His statements were clearly, and distinctly made, and, having been made, were followed by a course of reasoning bearing directly upon the point at issue. He, very likely, would throw out, in passing, many collateral thoughts. His accumulated stores of information were continually tempting him to discursiveness, and sometimes he yielded to the temptation. This, and the fact that his arguments were often put in the form of historical illustrations, not infrequently concealed, from those not accustomed to hear him, the chain of logic that always ran through his discourses. It might take some

thinking, and a little watchfulness, always to feel the full force of his logic, but the close observer would find the logic, and be repaid for his watchfulness.

There is yet one very prominent, and marked characteristic of his mind to be mentioned. Among all his mental powers, if any one stood out in distinct ascendancy above all others, it was his will. We hear much said of Roman firmness; scarcely would you find in the streets of Rome, in the palmiest days of the Empire, patrician or plebeian, who, in this respect, was more a Roman than he. He intended that his will should always be under the control of his conscience, and his judgment; and, in this, was no Roman. He had far too much self-control to be betrayed, except possibly upon very rare occasions, into a hasty decision. He had reasons underlying the positions upon which he planted himself. Once settled in his convictions, to undertake to move him, was like throwing yourself against a wall of granite. Before having reached a decision, if your steps were wisely taken, he was as kindly, and as easily approached as a child. But you must not make a show of dogmatism, or special pleading, for then you would find yourself in front of his batteries. Having once taken his position, whilst, from a courtesy characteristic of him, he would patiently listen to arguments properly put, they would likely leave him where they found him. That this strong faculty of his mind never led him into mistakes, would be too much to affirm. There were times when his friends would have been glad if he had yielded more to their views; and when he would have been fortunate in doing so. And yet justice, to him, requires the statement to be here made that, in many instances when he thus acted in opposition to the opinion of his friends, after

events have proven that he was right, and they were wrong. His habit of careful and thorough investigation, coupled with his iron will, gave him great self-reliance, and made it no easy matter for him to yield his own opinion, and act upon that of others. And, placing the mistakes in contrast with the greater good of which his stern will was the occasion, who can say — would that there had been less iron in it? What would Luther have been without his indomitable will? Better is it that he never got away from his interpretation, of "*hoc meus corpus est*," than that he should have had any less will, with which to fight the errors of Rome. And, under the guidance of an enlightened conscience, the will, of him of whom we speak, was one of the strong elements of his character for the accomplishment of good. By it, the flesh was held in masterly subjection to the spirit; enterprises begun, were prosecuted with unyielding pertinacity; and enemies of the truth were met with a steady and persevering opposition. With a full appreciation of his other mental excellencies, it is, perhaps, not too much to affirm that the many valuable accomplishments of his life are more largely attributable to the determination with which he held a position, where once he had planted his feet, than to any other one characteristic of his mind.

That much more might be said of his mental characteristics will readily be inferred. That enough has been said to prove his mind to be of no ordinary cast is quite manifest. His native endowments were proof that He, who made him, meant him for a man of mark. Enriched by untiring industry, guided by a sound judgment, and sanctified by the regenerating power of the Holy Ghost, could else be looked

for than that such a mind would grow until its place was among the learned and the beneficent.

But now we turn to the pleasantest part of our task; for our progress has brought us where we find, before us, his characteristics as a Christian, and a minister of the gospel.

To know what Dr. DUFFIELD was, as a Christian, you must know more than he ever told his most intimate friend. Questions, direct in form, were not the way to a knowledge of his personal experience. What he was, to himself and his Saviour, was a matter of importance; what his Saviour was, greatly out-weighed all things else in importance to his fellow-men. The last, he was always ready to tell, the former he scarcely ever mentioned. His personal religious experience — his inner life — was to be learned only, by close observation, and from the glimpses that shone out in the various relations, public and private, which he sustained.

Some time, in the early part of his Christian life, he made a record to the effect that he had given himself to the Lord, and should live for Him; and that, unworthy and sinful in himself, he confidently left his all, for time and eternity, in the hands, and at the disposal of his Master. Here is the key of his whole life. It is not safe to say that any man ever lived up to the full measure of his consecration, nor that he never faltered in his faith; but it is probably safe to affirm that the number is very few, of those, who have equaled the subject of this discourse in these two particulars. With him, consecration meant more than a kind of dream-like, and half-hearted service. It was not comprehended in so much devotion to God, and no more, than was necessary to secure his own spiritual interests. With him, it

meant *giving himself to God*, and *leaving himself in the hands of God*. He was to live for the promotion of God's glory, in such way, and under such circumstances, as the Spirit and Providence of God might appoint, and receive what God pleased to give him. And the proof that this is what he meant has been obtained, not from his diary, but from his life. This is the language of his actions. He was interested in all that men did, because he was interested in men; and his interest in them culminated in the desire he had for the accomplishment of the divine glory, in their salvation. In this everything centered. All his efforts tended towards the cross. At its foot, as a result, and a fulfillment of his consecration vows, there now lies the gathered wealth of his life.

And it will be easily understood that such consecration could not have characterized a heart that was not strong in faith. With him faith was not a cold intellection; it was a living principle. It was not simply allied to the realm of thought; it came warm and gushing from the fullness of the heart. He believed God, and that belief carried with it the proof of itself. He did not claim to believe, and yet act as though he believed not. Believing, he proved his belief by trusting. His whole being went out towards God. He had a child's faith; not that he had the *weakness*, but that he had the *strength* of a child's belief. What God said, he accepted. If it came within the compass of his understanding, well; if not, he believed it just as much. It was enough for him that he had, in it, the "thus saith the Lord." In the scriptures he took constant delight; not only, nor chiefly, because of their indispensable connection with his professional duties, but as the communication of God to sinners. He studied

them as a revelation to men, and accepted their teachings as applicable to his personal condition, and wants. What was there written he believed; and, although learned in science and philosophy, he never, for one moment, allowed either science or philosophy to disturb his confidence in revealed truth. It was God's book to him, and, as such, he accepted it, and sought to obey it.

You will readily conclude that such faith, as he had, would be peculiarly, and specially manifested in prayer. Such was the case; but, in what measure and manner, only those can fully know who have been led by him at a throne of grace. We talk of men being gifted in prayer, when we refer chiefly to the fluency, and appropriateness of their language. He, who has heard one more gifted, in this respect, than our departed father, has been more fortunate than your speaker. But this is not the aspect, in which his prayers would be estimated, or remembered. He went to God believing that there was a God, and that He was the hearer and answerer of prayer. He poured his soul out in earnest supplication; he talked with God, and showed, in the quiet earnestness of his entreaty, that he expected both to be heard, and to receive an answer. The wrestlings of his closet are unrevealed, except as they were shadowed forth in his life. Taking this as our criterion, we can not mistake in the conclusion that he wrestled there as did Jacob, and prevailed as did Israel. He was a man of prayer.

Another characteristic of him, as a Christian, was his humility. You may say he was a lion among men; yes, for that was the place to be a lion. They were no more than his equals, and many of them were not his equals. At the throne of grace he bowed, a sinner, in the presence of a

holy God, "who can not look upon sin with the least degree of allowance." He exalted the Saviour, in whose righteousness he came; he humbled himself because, in his own person, he was worthy only of condemnation. No one could be more modest in speaking of himself; indeed his modesty was chiefly shown in referring to himself as little as possible. The lowest place at the feet of his Master suited him best.

Do you wonder then that it can be said, on this occasion, that his was a spiritual life? That the struggle between the natural and the spiritual man, known to all Christians, was experienced by him, there can be no question. That, because of his strong elements of character, the conflict was often a sharp and protracted one, can not be a matter of doubt. The adversary would not allow him, quietly and easily, to glide unmolested through the world. But, by God's grace, the victory was given to him. That his spiritual life was, from the beginning, all that it appeared to us, toward the close of his stay upon earth, is not likely. With him, as with others, it was a matter of growth. There is evidence, however, that his was never a dying life. He was always a spiritual Christian; and he grew, and ripened in spirituality until the simplicity of his faith, and the mature richness of his character were beautiful to behold. The tenderness, the depth, and the steady flow of spirituality, characteristic of him during the latter period of his life, were such as are seldom seen. It had none of the fitfulness of a newly started flame, it was rather the steady glow of a fire when all the fuel has been reduced to living, burning coals.

Such is all that can be said here of his Christian life; to be fully appreciated, it must have been seen, and known, from personal contact with him.

As a minister of the gospel he was probably, most widely known. In the exercise of that ministry the strong powers of his character were brought into full play, and the rich treasures of his mind were opened. It was for that he gathered golden stores of truth; for that he fitted and bur-nished his weapons.

His ministry was marked by his views of the second coming of our Lord. His study of the scriptures led him to the belief that the millennium is to consist in the personal reign of Christ, in great glory, upon the earth; although he pretended not to know—and earnestly taught that no one could know—the time of the second advent. Upon this subject he both published and preached. Whether sympathising with his views or not, no one could question the earnestness of his own belief, nor could it be doubted that his teaching was such as to incite others to “search the scriptures whether these things were so.”

Neither as a writer, or as a speaker did he pretend to be what the world calls eloquent; and yet there were occasional passages, in his sermons, that fired the soul as only true eloquence can. The empty sound and glittering pre-tense which, in our day, gathers crowds, because it stirs them only as a sensation, he despised. He had too much solid material and golden treasure at command, to spend his time in building a wall of wood, hay, and stubble, garnish-ing it with only tinsel. His dependence was upon the truth; and it was the truth as he found it in revelation, that he held up before his people, not as his fancy might chance to paint it. His sermons were eminently scriptural. He brought the same food to his people upon which he himself fed; drew water, for them, from the same fountain where his

own thirst was quenched. And there are none of them who will complain that he gave them a meager meal. Whatever the impatient might say of the length of his discourses, or the deliberateness with which they were delivered, they could not say that they were not full of truth.

Believing that God has made such revelations as are needful to bring man to repentance, and that infinite wisdom could not so mistake as to make communications that were needless, he assumed no such responsibility as to keep back part of the truth. It belonged not to him to assume that a part of scriptural truth would bring men to Christ, whilst other portions were powerless to do so. That, which it was unpleasant for men to hear, it was his duty to preach, out of faithfulness to them, and from regard to the honor of his Master. He shunned not to declare the whole counsel of God, not waiting to know whether men would hear or forbear. The stern and startling truths of the Bible had their place in his pulpit ministrations. He proclaimed to men their guilt, and their condemnation as a consequence of that guilt. He warned them of such a hell, as it was always supposed the Bible meant, until latter day humanitarians had so modified it as to take away, in large measure, its fiery terrors. He regarded it as no mission of duty, or of love, to cry peace, peace to those, to whom God has said there is no peace. Such truths, however, were always presented in great tenderness, never in a spirit of denunciation. And when, on the bosom of the dark cloud of angry justice, he had made men to see the lightning play, he never forgot to call their attention to the Lamb of sacrifice—the Prince of Peace. From those threatening terrors he invited them—yea, entreated them—to the ark of safety.

His delight was to hold up, to a dying world, a crucified, arisen, and glorified Saviour. The fullness, and freedom there is in Christ, for all who believe, was a theme of which he never grew weary. The presentation of it, in its many forms, was his pleasantest duty. Never was he so moved himself, as when some precious and comforting view of Christ, as a Saviour, was unfolded. And when, having held up that Saviour to men in the light of some great gospel truth, he stood pleading with them to be reconciled to God, through His shed blood, his whole soul went out in his words.

And no one knew, better than he, the fountains of comfort in the gospel. The healing waters he knew where to find, and how to apply. Those promises that are like a staff to the pilgrim, or a shield to the soldier, he had ready for those who were pilgrims and soldiers.

The edification and comfort of God's people, and the bringing of lost souls to Christ that they might be saved, were the aim of his ministry in the pulpit and out of it.

He was a conscientious preacher. He could not leave undone that which he conceived to be his duty. And half doing duty was, in his judgment, culpability. His obligation was to his Master, and under God to his fellow-men. As soon would a soldier, true to his flag, desert his post, as would he abandon, or evade the position where duty called.

But his ministry was not one of mere fulfillment of obligation. It was, all of it, the outgoing of a full and devoted heart. Whilst conscientiously regardful of duty, his service yet flowed upon a current of love; it was the expression of his heart.

Two more features characteristic of him, as a minister, must close this part of our subject.

The man, who made no account of his moral courage, would fail to measure his ministerial character. If he knew what it was to fear the face of man, the man is probably no where to be found who has become aware of the fact. That he feared God, with the fear that flows from reverential love, was always manifest. That he feared any other being, beside God, was never manifest. He carefully sought to learn the truth, and know his duty; informed, as to these, and he was ready for action. He took no pains to count the odds against him, or to measure their resources. And, whether the ranks of his opponents were made up of friends or foes, it mattered not, so far as his course was concerned. If he was satisfied that he was in the defense of the truth, he was content to stand alone, if he could not prevail on others to see the truth as he saw it. Let him be assured that God was with him, and it is questionable whether there are men, or devils, enough to change him from his purpose, or keep him from saying the truth. He was such material as martyrs were made of, in the times of which Fox wrote, and, had he lived then, there is scarcely a probability that he would not have honored his Lord by showing how Christians could be sacrificed rather than deny Him.

The other characteristic, of which mention is yet to be made, was great tenderness. This iron man had a heart as soft as that of a child. This fact might not be apparent to a casual acquaintance, or a superficial observer; but, to those who knew him well, it was manifest that he had feeling of great depth, and tenderness. He held it under the stern grasp of his iron will, and yet, when pleading with

men to be reconciled to God, some aspect of the truth would so move him that his voice would break, and his eyes suffuse with tears. He sometimes spoke of the exhaustion he experienced from suppressed feeling.

What a combination of character was here! You see iron enough among men; and feeling enough; but you seldom see them thus intertwined. It made him a bold and fearless preacher; it made him a tender, and sympathising pastor. He could not be made to sacrifice, or suppress, what he conceived to be the truth; he never failed in his regard for those who became the objects of his care and solicitude.

Here we must arrest a course of remark, which might be greatly extended. With those, who knew not our departed friend, this may seem an overdrawn picture; with those who knew him, if so much, it will seem no more than the truth. To say the truth, to a living man, of himself is often sin. The half of this I would not say, of the Apostle Paul, if he were in the flesh. For good men know not what they awaken in good men's hearts, by their praise. Human hearts, even when sanctified by God's grace, are easily lifted up with pride. And the flattery of the present day, so common in our periodicals, and in public speech, is wickedness. But when a servant of God dies, and is thus taken where words of man can not harm him, it is worth while to unfold his character, and hold it up to the world, that men may see what God's grace can do.

Put all the elements of character, which have been mentioned of him, as a man, a Christian, and a minister of Christ together; and add to them the store of truth with which he had enriched his mind, and you have, before you

the treasure he laid at his Master's feet. For thirty years, as a strong man, he wielded these powers, in this community, in behalf of the truth. Of the battles fought, and the victories won, there are those here who have better knowledge than your speaker. He was a friend of mankind. The value of men, in his judgment, was measured by no conventional laws, or fictitious relations. Aristocratic pretenses were his aversion. He valued all men as the offspring of divine power, and as destined to an eternal existence. And the standard by which he distinguished between them was, first their moral worth, and secondly, their intellectual strength and culture. Position was of little consequence with him. He envied not the most exalted, he failed not to recognize the most humble. The down-trodden and oppressed were likely to be the objects of his special solicitude. Living for the good of others, he failed not to recognize the fact that the weak were most in need of his strength, and ever stood forth as their advocate and defender.

As a patriot, there were none that excelled him. Claiming, in all respects, the rights of a citizen, he ever stood ready to respond to the obligations of citizenship. No man loved his country more, was more keenly alive to her interests and honor, or more prompt in her defense. In the hour of danger, his voice was like a clarion. When, during the years lately past, the national life was threatened, putting the banner of his country in their hands, and stirring their blood with words of earnest eloquence, he sent two of his sons to the battle-field. He never lost courage or hope; and by speech, prayer, and personal example, inspired others with his own spirit. His patriotism was of no ordinary

type. It was such as his country could rely upon in the hour of her need.

It may safely be affirmed that, during thirty years, no movement in the interest of our city, our state, or country, has failed of his support; no effort, of genuine reform, has been entered upon without his knowledge, and efficient co-operation; in temperance and educational interests, he has been specially active; and in the service of an evangelical christianity, he has held a place among the most devoted, and tireless. As some tall promontory, jutting out into the deep, against whose rocky base the angry waves have long dashed themselves in vain, so he has stood, in this community, a bulwark against which the surging waves of error have broken themselves to pieces. Not only here, but elsewhere, he has been a standard-bearer, and, where the battle has waged the hottest, there has his banner waved. Brave among the bravest, his trenchant blade has ever been seen flashing where foes were the thickest, and the most dangerous. If you would see the monuments of his work, look about you; but do not suppose that thus you could be made to know all that he did. The results of his labor, most prized by himself, and the most enduring, consist in the souls, saved by God's grace, through his instrumentality. Of these some continue, and are widely scattered in the vineyard of their Lord; others have entered into the rest prepared for the people of God. Only at the great day shall either he, or we, fully know what fruit has grown from his faithful tillage of more than fifty years.

He was not of those who are ever bemoaning the burdens, and weariness of the way, and longing for the end of work, and the beginning of rest. Nor had he sympathy

with the late prevalent notion that ministers, when scarce a decade past the meridian of life, should retire from actual service; thus robbing our churches of the mellow ripeness of a mature manhood, which has as yet put on none of the imbecility of second childhood, and leaving them in the hands of young shepherds, who, only by years of experience, can be qualified to feed those under their care. His business, as he understood it, was "to finish the work given him to do." And while he had strength to labor, or until he heard the voice of his Master calling him to his rest, he regarded his work as undone. It was an expression, oft repeated by him, that he purposed to "put off the harness, when he put on the shroud."

The warnings, occasionally and kindly sent him, led him to adjust his matters and put the finishing touches to his work. During the past few years, it has been apparent to his friends that his time of service was drawing to a close; and that he was putting a hand here and there, where his work was not wholly complete. As a workman, who has accomplished the burden of his undertaking, walks carefully about it, closely scrutinizing it, and putting a finishing touch here and there, so it seemed to be with him. To say that any man ever was free from faults, or ever rendered a perfect service, is to speak a falsehood. But, speaking comparatively, we are justified in affirming that, there was a rounded completeness, about Dr. DUFFIELD's work, unusual in the history of men. Where better could the workman have laid aside the implements of his toil, than where his are found? Where better could the soldier meet the shaft that made an end to his warfare, than where he was pierced? Surely only his own modest sense of the services he had

rendered would prevent him from taking the language of the Apostle, and saying, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith." What more remained but the receiving of the crown of righteousness? Nor was it long in waiting.

One more opportunity was to be afforded him of leading forth the Lord's hosts. In his armor of proof, holding aloft the banner that he never had forsaken, or left in the hands of the foe, and surrounded by the brave young spirits of our continent, the veteran went, for the last time, to the front. There, just where the true hero would fall, and where of all others would have been the place of his choice, he fell.

In accordance with an invitation, he was delivering an address of welcome to the delegates of the International Convention of Young Mens' Christian Associations, in the Central Methodist Church of our city, on Wednesday evening, the twenty-fourth day of June last. When scarcely more than half through his address his voice faltered, and with the expression — "my head reels, I must stop,"—he fell into the arms of those near him. Tenderly he was borne from the platform, and to his home. Soon it was manifest that the stroke was paralysis, and the result was only a question of time.

"'Twas a full jubilee and more of years
Since first he knelt a suppliant at the throne
Of mercy, and bewail'd his sins, and heard
The voice of absolution, 'Go in peace':
And daily since that birth-time of his soul
Had he found shelter at the feet of Christ."

Nor did the refuge fail him now. Not once, during his short illness, did his mind seem clouded with doubt. Deprived, in great measure, of the power of speech, he could hold no continued conversation. He could respond

to questions, however, and manifested the most patient willingness to gratify the desire of his friends to know his experiences of mind while engaged in the struggle with the last enemy. We bowed together around his bed, and in prayer sought, for him, and for ourselves, the grace needed for the trying hour. It was our last approach to the throne of grace with him who had, so often, and so fervently, led our devotions. His voice was silent now, but his heart and faith, we knew, wafted the petitions, we offered, upward to the throne. Then we turned to the fountain of rich promises, and read to him words that had often cheered, and strengthened him in the pilgrimage of life. To passages of scripture, speaking comfort to the soul, he assented with a heartiness that proved them to be as refreshing well-springs to him. We went through the fourteenth chapter of the gospel by John, to which he gave uninterrupted attention. To each of the many passages of special comfort, contained in it, he gave his hearty assent. In like manner the twenty-third Psalm was read, and drew from him similar responses. At last we turned to the text, which we have chosen as an appropriate foundation for this discourse. Occasional passages were repeated to him afterward, but this is probably the last one that was read to him from the sacred page. He lay calmly, and listened to the close, and, when the last words of the remarkable passage had been uttered, he responded to it with marked and special emphasis. Once, with a half murmured remembrance of appointed work yet undone, and when threatened by a stealthily but rapidly approaching apoplexy, the whole force of his iron will was aroused in one last effort to throw off the grasp that disease had laid upon him. Otherwise he lay, during his sickness, with

the calm submission of the smitten lamb, and the unwavering courage of the Christian soldier, who is supported by the presence of his Lord. On the second morning after his attack, his eldest son, the Rev. GEO. DUFFIELD, JR. was able in God's good Providence, to reach his bed-side. The spirit had seemed almost parted from the clay, but now, with an effort that manifestly called into exercise the full force of his will, it attempted to regain control of the physical powers. The effort was partly successful. The hands refused to move, the eye-lids trembled in their attempt to unveil the organs of sight, and only the voice responded to the mandate of the will. The mantle of the departing Seer was to be disposed of, and he, upon whom he would have it fall, was before him. Words were given him to say, "I am glad you have come, I want you to preach for me. I have lost my voice." Lest this might be mistaken as the wandering of a mind, weakened by disease, he said, "I have not lost my senses, I have lost my voice. As if he had taken the poet's words and said :

"Thy hour is come
To take the banner of the cross : it was
Thy sainted grand-sire's once, and fearlessly
He bore it in the thickest fight, and then
Entrusted it to my unequal hands.
Now it is thine. I leave it thee to guard
And part from only with thy parting breath."

These were the last connected words that fell from his lips.

In the last tender farewell of each member of his family, he manifested a greater or less degree of consciousness. When far down in the valley, one of his sons said to him; "Father your children still give you loving greeting, and farewell. Is it peace with you"? To this there came back from the very gates of the grave, a clear affirmative response.

The end drew on apace, and at about two o'clock, in the afternoon of the twenty-sixth day of June, the mortal career of Rev. GEO. DUFFIELD, D.D., came to an end.

Then was the sentiment of our text made complete, not in anticipation, but in actual fulfillment. The battle had been fought; through grace, the victory won; and who can doubt that on his brow, placed there by his Saviour's hand, there now rests the crown of righteousness?

"Heaven give thee welcome, Brother, welcome home.

Welcome to thy inheritance of light!

Welcome forever to thy Master's joy!

Thy work is done, thy pilgrimage is past.

* * * * *

Nor shall thy voice be mute: a golden harp

For thee is hanging on the tree of life;

And sweetly shall its cords forever ring,

Responsive to thy touch of ecstasy,

With Hallelujahs to thy Lord and ours.

* * * * *

Zion is thy home;

Jerusalem, the city of our God.

O happy home! O happy children here!

O blissful mansions of our Father's house!

O walks surpassing Eden for delight!

Here are the harvests reap'd once sown in tears:

Here is the rest by ministry enhanced;

Here is the banquet of the wine of heaven,

Riches of glory incorruptible,

Crowns, amaranthine crowns of victory,

The voice of harpers harping on their harps,

The anthems of the holy cherubim,

The crystal river of the Spirit's joy,

The Bridal palace of the Prince of Peace,

The Holiest of Holies — God is here."

APPENDIX.

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ADDRESS

— OF —

Dr. Duffield to the Delegates from N. M. C. Associations,

IN CONVENTION ASSEMBLED.

THIS address, during the delivery of which DR. DUFFIELD was stricken down, will be read with interest as the last emanation of his pen.

DEAR BRETHREN AND FELLOW CHRISTIANS :

It has been made my pleasing duty by the Committee of Arrangements, on behalf of the churches of this city, to express to you their cordial welcome. Why the oldest of the pastors should have been selected for this purpose, may, perhaps, be best accounted for by the knowledge of the fact that, as we read in sacred writ, it was John, the aged disciple, who alone in all the Apostolic writings specially addressed his words of exhortation and good cheer to the young men as a class. And the reasons he assigned for his so doing, commend themselves on this occasion to our especial consideration.

“We have written unto you, young men, because ye are strong, and the Word of God abideth in you, and ye have overcome the wicked one.”—
1. John ii.

It is great cause of grateful joy, that, on looking over this vast assemblage, we may appropriate in full the three great thoughts that cheered his aged heart, and say “God be praised for the noble army of young men, in all the freshness of their vigor, armed with the sword of the spirit, which is the word of God, who, here, in the glad day of their assembling in our City, give proof in their piety, prayers and presence, that they have overcome the wicked one. Other interests than those of climate, country, churches, have brought you from our different States, from the “New Dominion,” and from distant Nations, to confer together and co-operate “for the one great cause,” and common bond international, universal union, viz : the love and honor of our adorable Redeemer, who is King of kings and Lord of lords. His love in your hearts has supplanted the love of the world; and in these fraternal Young Men’s Christian Associations, congregating by their delegates for its expression and

stimulation, you cheer and gladden the hearts both of the middle-aged and aged. We must presently, and, with such a sight, may do so in gladdening hope, give place to the hosts of zealous youths, in whom the fires of that love are kindling with fervor, and furnish grateful proof that they have overcome the wicked one, determined to fight on and fight ever, till he is driven from the field, and hurled into the bottomless abyss. God grant that the kindlings of that love at these altars of our renewed consecration to Jesus the great Captain of our salvation, may shed the luster of its illumination from Nova Scotia to California, throughout our American Continent, and throughout the world.

The churches and pastors of this city give you their hearts, as they greet you in your assembling, and rejoice to take you to their hospitable homes. At the weekly meeting of the pastors of this city, where, as we are wont to gather without the badges of ecclesiastical distinction, there were assembled on Monday last, a goodly number from five or six different Evangelical denominations. The question was then put to them by the Speaker, "What will you and the churches have me say in your name to the assembled hosts of our beloved Christian young men?" There was but one universal, cordial response: "Bid them hearty welcome in our name." They have prayed earnestly for you and your holy convocation; and they hope, that by the spirit of Christ in the midst of you, and your deliberations under His guidance, you will leave behind you a rich and lasting blessing.

The Churches, like the planetary lights of Heaven, move harmoniously in their several orbits around their great central Sun of Righteousness. They know no perturbations of jealousy nor fear of any rivalry from you, in your numerous Christian Associations. You are distributed, diffused we should rather say, among their membership, like the etherial forces that hold and give the bright luminaries above us, speed in their motions. Or rather, we may say, you are the young vivified blood that gushes from the heart at every pulsation, through all the arteries and veins of the body, to preserve and circulate the heat, vitality and common nutriment for its welfare. How invaluable as an element in the churches' life, are their young men! and how blissful are their youthful sympathies and ardent communings awakened and directed by the love of Jesus, and zeal for the salvation of souls, as they unite in ties of indissoluble affection and invisible union, the churches themselves! As all the celestial bodies have their orbits and offices in the one great overshadowing heaven in which they move, so it is with the churches, as you know. We need not speak of them. But we love, especially, on this occasion to think of the peculiar function of our Christian young men in our symbolic Heavens.

It is believed and maintained by some eminent Physicists and Astronomers of the age, that beside the planetary and asteroidal bodies, in their well organized forms and movements, there circulate continually through space, unorganized portions of matter, ever in their gyral motions verging toward the Sun, and falling into it in one constant flood, which serve by

the force of impact, to keep up the heat and blaze of the irradiations he diffuses throughout our solar celestial system. What if the young men of our churches, moving in their simpler associations, and regardless of its mere organization, ignoring it as an ecclesiastical force, and esteeming it of value only as a line of moral power, be serving among the churches, a similar purpose? By their strong attraction to Christ, and converging motions toward Him, are they not contributing to secure his bright effulgent irradiations that swell and fill our whole symbolic heaven, with the light and lustre of His glory?

We have but one Sun of Righteousness. There is but one bright Heaven above us. There are diversities of gifts, and diversities of operation, forces of various grades and character: but all, in their several spheres, and places, and functions, contributing in one harmonious whole to that glorious recapitulation in due season of all things in Christ, both which are in Heaven and which are on earth, even in Him.

Whether Christians of the Dominion North and East of our border, or Christians of the United States, or of the United Kingdom of Great Britain, England, Scotland, and Ireland—or any other Nation, we are all “one in Christ,” bound together in the higher unity of our Lord Jesus Christ, of whom the whole family in Heaven, and Earth is named. Here, at this border point, as when the earth passes through the great plains of meteoric showers, we, for a little season, have come in close contact. Let us for the time being, merge together in one great Christian galaxy, forgetting every other distinction than “that which pertains pre-eminently to the one great Church above and below.” God grant you according to the riches of His glory, to be strengthened with might by His spirit in the inner man, that Christ may dwell in your hearts by faith; that ye being rooted and grounded in love, may be able to comprehend with all saints, what is the breadth, and length, and depth, and height, and to know the love of Christ which passeth all knowledge, that ye might be filled with all the fullness of God. Now, unto Him that is able to do exceedingly abundantly, above all that we ask or think, according to the power that worketh in us—unto Him be glory in the Church, by Christ Jesus, throughout all ages, world without end. Amen.

The first of these is the fact that the
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hand, and is therefore of great
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The second is the fact that the
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